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Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------|------|
| Full Nets Reveal the Lord..... | 321 | Madeira: Funchal..... | 346 |
| The Tide..... | 322 | Canada..... | 347 |
| Editorial Paragraphs..... | 322 | Massachusetts: Boston..... | 348 |
| Frederick Andreas Wollesen..... | 325 | Virginia: Norfolk..... | 349 |
| A Treat to Sailors' Missionaries..... | 331 | South Carolina: Charleston..... | 349 |
| Through Fire and Water..... | 332 | Alabama: Mobile..... | 349 |
| Sealed Orders..... | 333 | Texas: Galveston..... | 350 |
| The Disappearance of the British-born Sail- or: a National Danger..... | 339 | Louisiana: New Orleans..... | 351 |
| With Chaplain Treanor..... | 342 | Oregon: Portland..... | 351 |
| Work Among Seamen..... | 345 | Washington: Seattle..... | 351 |
| Holland: Rotterdam..... | 345 | The Planets for November, 1900..... | 352 |
| Chile, S. A.: Valparaiso..... | 345 | Sailors' Home, New York..... | 352 |
| Argentine Republic: Rosario..... | 346 | Receipts for September, 1900..... | 352 |

THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, besides articles on the sea, ships and seamen, represents the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and more briefly of kindred societies.

The Magazine is sent to single subscribers for One Dollar a year, payable in advance.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of the Magazine should always give both the old and new address, in full.

THE LIFE BOAT, an eight-page monthly paper, represents in Sunday Schools the Loan Library work of the Society. Sunday Schools contributing \$20 for a loan library receive fifty copies monthly for one year, postage prepaid.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND, containing matter suitable for seamen, is issued quarterly and distributed gratuitously among them. It is supplied to similar societies at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

Provided a request is sent annually for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the Magazine, gratuitously, should give annual notice of their desire for its continuance.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for any other purpose, should be sent to No. 76 Wall Street, New York City, by P. O. Money Order, or check, or draft on New York, to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, or money may be enclosed in a registered letter. Postmasters are now obliged to register letters at ten cents each, when requested. If acknowledgments of remittances are not received by return mail, the Treasurer should be notified at once.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time a Life Member. The payment of One Hundred Dollars at one time makes a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the formation of the will, should be strictly observed:

- 1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 72,

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 11.

FULL NETS REVEAL THE LORD.

The nets were full ! a multitude of fish
 Rewarded their long toil ;
 They had abundance ; more than heart
 could wish ;
 Great was their silver spoil.

Then that disciple whom the Master lov-
 ed
 Said gladly, "'Tis the Lord !"
 His love a mighty telescope had proved,
 Across the waters broad.

Have we been blessed with fortune in our
 net,
 Where once we sadly failed ?
 Have we owned Him who gives, or have
 we let
 Him stand unseen, unhailed ?

Is the boat full ? Look o'er the waves
 And say, "It is the Lord !"
 Remember how *you* toiled in vain ;
 He gave the rich reward.

Have we been blessed as fishers among
 men ?
 Is the net full to day ?
 It is the Lord who blesses voice or pen,
 It is the Lord, we say.

Look not upon the harvest of the sea
 That sparkles in the net.
 Look further to the Master : own that He
 Gives what our labors get.

It is so sweet, whenever we succeed,
 To look at once to Him :
 With love's quick eye perceiving in the
 deed
 Himself, though morn be dim.

"It is the Lord." Soon we shall leave
 the ship,

Drawn by Love's threefold cord,
 And end with joy our grace-crowned mid-
 night trip,

Saying, "It is the Lord !"

WILLIAM LUFF, *in Toilers of the Deep.*

THE TIDE.

I watch the tide come in from sea;
 Dear Lord, is there a tide for me?
 So long, so long the sands were dry,
 So long upon life's shore I lay,
 Like seaweed that is left to die,
 Feeling the waters ebb away.
 The tide comes in; it floods the sand;
 Lord, is Thy coming near at hand?

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

 EDITORIAL PARAGRPHS.

FREE copies of the last Annual Report will be sent to every applicant. After reading it ask the Secretary of this Society to visit your church to interest it in a great cause. In reading the Annual Report remember that to each of these brief epitomes of quarterly reports must be added the constant distribution of religious and secular reading, the material aid of seamen in money, clothing, transportation, hospital service and food; the comforting of such as are in any trouble, and trouble is a close companion of sailors; the entertainment of them in frequent concerts in addition to the Christmas feasts which they enjoy the world over; the painstaking and patient effort to secure the legal rights of seamen and to protect them against crimps, runners and landsharks, as well as the vices that organize to get their money. A chaplain's work is never done. It requires grit and grace, wisdom and patience, endurance and forbearance, the sound mind and the sound body. It is a work that is wearing, trying, testing. Those who lack the qualities it requires drop out of it. Those who have God's call to it defy its difficulties and reap their reward.

FOR the facts in the incident we are about to relate we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to FRANK S. BULKLEY, D. D. S. Though Dr. BULKLEY had a large practice in Chicago, he found time to do good work among the lake seamen, and to enlist others in it also. He is about to open an office in Constantinople, and called in August on the Secretary of this Society to declare his intention, if the way be clear, to revive and strengthen the mission to seamen in that city. Indeed, in a farewell circular to his Chicago patients, after explaining the professional opening in Constantinople, he frankly said that his main reason for going was his desire of usefulness among the men of the sea, to whom his evenings and Sundays could be given.

Dr. BULKLEY in substance tells the following story: The Rev. R.

E. STEELE, U. S. N. chaplain on the *Hartford*, in advance of the war-ship's arrival at Southampton, England, wrote to Mr. MATTHEWS, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, asking his co-operation in caring for the *Hartford's* men when on liberty in that city, the men of course defraying their own expenses. On Saturday, August 26, the *Hartford* arrived, and chaplain STEELE, Dr. BULKLEY, Mr. W. F. HAIRE, district secretary, and Mrs. W. WALTER, the honorary local secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, talked the matter over at Mrs. WALTER's home, and afterwards secured the co-operation of the Rev. J. K. MELLISS and Mr. C. DOMONEY, of the Missions to Seamen Society. This conference paved the way for the hospitable entertainment of the one hundred and sixty men and boys who had shore leave each day, printed instructions being circulated among them, telling where to go and what to do. A large number of rooms with board were secured, the Y. M. C. A. Shaftesbury Hall was used at a merely nominal charge, and ladies and gentlemen volunteered their services to entertain the sailors. The all-devouring and truly devilish landsharks caught some in their infernal jaws, but most were safely piloted to the Hall, where refreshments, music, games and conversation awaited them. After enjoying the evening they were taken in squads to their lodgings, as were also many others who were found strolling on the streets. During the day the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. were freely used by the tars as their headquarters.

A meeting was held on the ship for those who had no liberty, and songs and addresses from ladies and gentlemen of Southampton made it a pleasure to all.

One afternoon the acting Mayor of the city officially welcomed captain HAWLEY and his officers in the Council Chamber, and speeches were made by Lord RADSTOCK and others. The only religious meeting of the week was on the deck of the *Hartford*, where three hundred and fifty men crowded to hear Miss JEFFREY sing and Lord RADSTOCK speak. The earnestness of the speaker and the attention of the men attested the presence of God's Spirit in power.

On September 1 the *Hartford* sailed for Gravesend, where similar attentions were shown to its officers and crew.

To Mrs. WALTER the seamen were strongly attracted. Her portrait, presented to the crew, is one of the souvenirs of their charming visit. They call her "our little English mother."

In this delightful incident we see the importance of having in the Navy an enterprising chaplain like Mr. STEELE, who sees the importance of preventive as well as curative medicine for men's minds, a "Christian Science" not open to criticism. We note also the develop-

ment of the Y. M. C. A. in the Navy. There are more than five hundred members of it now, but when there comes to be five thousand or ten thousand members they will almost nullify the dangers of "shore liberty," when they find a friendly reception from the societies in the ports they visit. Not to be forgotten are the names of the men and women mentioned in this incident, to whom American thanks are due, and surely such incidents will tend to bind together the British and American people. Captain HAWLEY sent the following letter to Mrs. WALTER :

U. S. S. "HARTFORD."

SOUTHAMPTON, Eng., August 30, 1900.

Dear Madam : I wish to thank you and our many friends who are associated with you, for the interest taken in the sailors of the *Hartford* during their stay in Southampton.

You have done much for their comfort and entertainment and I am sure I express their feelings in saying that to your efforts their visit to your hospitable city has been one which they will hold long in grateful remembrance.

It will afford me much pleasure to inform my government of the generous welcome accorded the *Hartford* by the citizens of Southampton.

Very respectfully,

JOHN M. HAWLEY,

Commander U. S. N., Commanding.

FRANK T. BULLEN's story in this number will whet the reader's appetite for another which he has written for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and will appear in the January number.

WE gratefully acknowledge the receipt of thirteen comfort bags, ten from Mrs. E. C. RANKIN's class in the First Presbyterian Church Sunday School of Schenectady, N. Y., and three from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Crawford, N. Y.; packages of papers from the Good Literature Committee of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Plymouth Church, Worcester, Mass., and from Mr. NATHANIEL M. TERRY, of New York City.

Please send to this office old magazines, secular and religious, for use in Sailors' Reading Rooms and Loan Libraries.

MOVEMENTS in Congress and among the people to enlarge American commerce are commanding more and more attention. When the object aimed at is attained American sailors will be more in evidence than they are now.

When several nationalities are found even in the navies of the United States and Great Britain, it is not to be wondered at that many are blended in the crews of the merchant marine, and are swarming

together in the Sailors' Homes and mission halls of the great ports, and in coasting as well as deep-sea vessels. More and more the seaman is the "man without a country," serving under any flag and sailing on every sea, and the main object of this Society is to induce him to "desire a better country, that is, a heavenly," and to make this citizen of the world a "fellow-citizen with the saints."

LOAN LIBRARIES. The captain of the barkentine *Glenafton* writes of No. 10,274 :

I always enjoy reading the books, also the members of my crew; and I believe much good is done in circulating a library among those who down to the sea in ships.

Not often has a ship's captain so mistaken the nature of our loan library work as to give away books that ought to be returned to this office, but now and then a captain gives a few to missionaries in distant ports, and a whole library was given a few years ago to the Pitcairn Islanders. For the first time in our experience of this office a captain has given books to passengers, as may be seen from the following letters written of No. 10,274, on the barkentine *Glenafton* :

"As a passenger from Para to Barbados I enjoyed the reading of the library and was presented with some of the books."

"I enjoyed the reading of a good many books of your library and highly appreciate them, and was presented with some of its lovely contents."

The captain of the brig *Ventura* writes of No. 10,379 :

We have all read it and enjoyed it.

The master of the schooner *Harbeson Hickman* writes of No. 10,417 :

I am glad to say a few words in praise of your libraries which you have from time to time placed on my vessel. I appreciate your thoughtful kindness in supplying us with valuable reading. I thank you for bestowing such blessings on the men of the sea.

The master of the barkentine *Daisy Read* writes of No. 10,504 :

It has been on a voyage to Bahia, Brazil, and several voyages to the West Indies. It is always given to the sailors whenever they call for any of the books, and I also enjoy the books myself and also my wife. Thanking you for the same.

FREDERICK ANDREAS WOLLESEN.

Mr. WOLLESEN was born in Rolland, Denmark, April 21, 1845. From early childhood, besides attending school, he was eager to help his widowed mother, who, on the death of a good husband, was forced into severe struggles to support herself and four children. His very eagerness to earn a little attracted attention, and gave him the preference with employers. After his confirmation in the Lutheran Church

and admission to the Lord's table at the age of fourteen, he became an apprentice in the bricklaying and plastering trade. Restrained at first by his mother's tears and prayers, it was not long before the evil life of his companions weakened all restraints, and led him into courses against which a formal profession of faith was no protection. Indeed, they were sometimes resorted to for the purpose of quenching the memories of his mother's training. A few tracts from Baptist friends awakened concern for his soul, and as the formal Lutheran Church of that day had no balm for a wounded spirit, he was known to walk many miles to hear the Baptists preach, and even to quit the gay scenes of his pleasures to spend hours of the night alone in the woods in agonizing prayer.

After his apprenticeship he became a leading journeyman and made money. Unhappy, and longing to leave behind him his sinful excesses, he emigrated to the United States, but found that he had changed his clime but not his mind. He worked at his trade in Brooklyn and in Linden, N. J., and spent his Sundays in Battery Place and Washington Street, New York, returning to his home with a supply of whiskey for the week. In the early part of 1871 he lived at the hotel Denmark in Chicago. There one of his friends went with him to a Lutheran Church, but finding the sermon dull they slipped out and dropped into a Methodist Church across the street, hoping to find more entertainment. He found something better. The converted Norwegian sea captain, the Rev. O. P. PETERSEN, was the preacher, and his sermon broke his heart. The next night he was in the same church, and every word uttered seemed to find him and deepen his sense of guilt. So it went on until on February 15 his distress forced him to "the altar," and after the service in his room at the hotel he gave his whole heart to Christ and began at once to labor in His vineyard. He told the amazed proprietor of the hotel and his boarders of his faith and peace, and rarely did an evening pass without his taking a large number of them to the services of the church, some of whom sought and found the joy of believing. Subsequently he boarded at the parsonage and began a blessed work among immigrants from Scandinavia and sailors on Lake Michigan.

In the winter of 1872 he took the smallpox, was taken to the hospital, and on convalescing carried the gospel of salvation and consolation to the sick and dying. His services were so valuable both to the bodies and souls of the patients that the board of health begged him to remain, and he found for a good while a great field for religious effort and was often thanked with tears for his ministry of love. His own health in the meantime required a change of air and occupation, and in June, 1873, he returned to his native land.

In the M. E. Church in Copenhagen he made the acquaintance of the late missionary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, C. A. BORELLA,, and of Miss NINA WISBYE, his present wife, who with her father, late justice of the peace in Oregon, was converted in the M. E. Church, Washington Street, Brooklyn, all three having visited the old country to tell the story of the cross Mr. WOLLESEN was at



once engaged as a missionary of the M. E. Church and worked partly in Copenhagen and partly in Weile, but was compelled by Danish law to render military service a part of the year 1874, serving in "The Three Crowns," a fort surrounded by water. In the face of ridicule he gave Bibles, distributed tracts and made the faith a topic of conversation with his comrades. On the occasion of the recruits' annual ball he was tempted to put his name on the list of subscribers, so as to escape duty, but as balls had been a great snare to him in earlier life he resisted the temptation and cheerfully went on guard. As the soldiers waved their teasing congratulations to him and wished him joy of

his bargain, they were little aware of the peace of conscience that made him indeed the object of congratulation on the part of both angels and men. The next day his commander, now the Danish minister of war, advanced him for the rest of his term to the department of telegraphy.

In October he returned to New York and worked with Mr. BORELLA in behalf of seamen. Several calls for sailor service came to him, but on January 1, 1875, he began labor at the Sailors' Exchange under the auspices of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and found himself a co-worker with such men as BORELLA, STANDLEY, SLATER, MURPHY, HOPPER and others, whose influence was felt in the harbor, in seamen's hospitals, boarding houses, the Mariners' Church, the Church of Sea and Land, and the Sailors' Home, and whose work in saving seamen he calls glorious and never to be forgotten.

In the winter of 1875 and 1876 applications from the British Bible Society, the Baptist and M. E. churches of Copenhagen reached the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to send a man to Copenhagen to preach to seamen. As Mr. WOLLESEN had been tried in this field and not found wanting, and was familiar with several languages, he was transferred to that city in March, 1876. On April 29 a farewell service was held in the cabin of the S. S. *Alsatia*, at which Messrs. BORELLA, JOHANSEN and SPENCER, converted sailors and fellow laborers, commended Mr. and Mrs. WOLLESEN to God and the word of His grace. A belated sailor, converted through Mr. WOLLESEN's instrumentality, as the ship began to move cried out "God bless you! Hold the fort! The Lord is coming! Good-bye!" "Oh, think of the home over there" was sung on the wharf as hands were waved in farewell.

On the morning of May 14 they arrived at Copenhagen and in the afternoon of the same day held their first meeting on the bark *Ella*. At first their services were held only on shipboard, Mrs. WOLLESEN helping by her sweet singing and personal talks with seamen. Painful opposition arose from formal churches; they were taunted with being Mormons and false rumors put in circulation to injure their work, which was declared to be rather adapted to England and America than to Denmark. Mr. WOLLESEN pleaded in court that he preached no doctrine save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, whereupon an order was issued that no public service should be held unless notices were given to the authorities and the police were present to preserve order. The results of their meetings answered the persecution and the lies. As an old minister testified, "Since the young missionary and his wife began their work drunkenness and fighting have decreased in a wonderful degree."

In April, 1878, he hired his first mission and reading room at Peder

Skransgade, but as the rooms were too small removed in October to Holbersgade, 14. Here he made his abode and welcomed crowds of seamen. On October 21, 1879, a society was formed of which Prince WALDEMAR, a commodore in the navy, was honorary president and the Rev. Mr. PRIOR was president. Mr. WOLLESEN had felt that the work was growing, and that the Christians of Copenhagen should take a larger share of responsibility, and he took the laboring oar in bringing together distinguished ministers and laymen, who caused a letter of warmest thanks to be written to the New York Society, assuming the work and relieving it of all expense, save the salary of the chaplain. Up to this date, November 12, 1881, after more than half a century of labor for seamen, this was the first instance of local Christians assuming the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S obligations to that extent, and the movement was due to Mr. WOLLESEN'S initiative.

Going back to December 13, 1879, another move was made to Holbersgade, 17, where services in three languages could be held at once, but the frequent meetings and loud singing annoyed the neighborhood, and moreover the premises became soon too small for the crowds in attendance, so on November 12, 1881, a Norwegian bark was dedicated as a floating Bethel. Here Mr. WOLLESEN and his co-workers have told the story of the cross to thirty thousand mariners of all nations, whose faces have always seemed to say to him "We want something out of the heart about the heart of the Saviour." Sons and husbands have returned to their island homes or sailed to distant shores ready to tell the story that has filled their hearts with love. In the winter of 1886-7, owing to an ice-blockade, shipping was stopped and many sailors were turned out of boarding houses in poverty and distress. A snow group was modeled, showing a poor mother with two little children, and on this was placed a collection box with an inscription asking for food and fuel. Out of the contributions sent in many were provided with food, clothing and lodging, and during all this season of distress he gathered abundant spiritual fruit in his field of labor among the men of the sea.

His successes in Copenhagen led him to extend his influence, and in 1880 he established a mission in Korsor, in 1881 in Elsinore, and in 1893 in Dragor, where the touching scenes of his mission work in Copenhagen have been repeated. Two of his children in the faith, Mr. J. T. HEDSTROM, missionary at Stockholm, and Mr. CHRISTIAN NIELSON, missionary at Gothenburg, were remarkable fruits of his prayers and tears, and their stories are worth telling in this Magazine, and some day we shall tell them. [See the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for December, 1895.]

Mr. WOLLESEN has always deserved and enjoyed the confidence of our board of trustees, and at their request he made in 1888 and 1896 a tour of inspection of our Scandinavian missions, his judicious reports helping to solve important questions, and his brethren in the field turning to him as a wise counselor and devoted friend.

The State Church thirty years ago dwelt much on the fatherhood of God ; since then many Scandinavian subjects, converted in the United States, have returned to the old country as missionaries of the Baptist and Methodist churches, and preached the cross with the truths that cluster about the cross. The result has been a great revival of true religion. In the Folke Kirken, or State Church, a fire has been kindled and a great part of it has been due to Mr. WOLLESEN and other missionaries of this Society, who have suffered persecution for the name of Christ and wrought valiantly for the truth. Empty churches have been filled with anxious inquirers, thousands have been converted, Sunday Schools multiplied, missions established, and other agencies that bless the poor and neglected classes. Go to the Copenhagen Bethel Ship and find every seat occupied at an evening service ; hear the sailors' contagious singing ; note the devout spirit during prayer ; watch their eagerness to hear the gospel ; listen to their prayers and testimonies ; see them take the Bible and announce their purpose to make it their chart and compass on the sea of life ; and you will see that the gospel is still living and giving life in this day of dearth and deadness in many churches cursed with a merely ethical teaching in the pulpits.

On November 10, 1899, Mr. and Mrs. WOLLESEN celebrated their silver wedding. How ? In the early morning they were awakened by brethren singing hymns composed for the occasion. In the forenoon they and their friends partook of the Lord's Supper. The rest of the day was devoted to thanksgiving and prayer.

We regret to add that Mrs. WOLLESEN is in delicate health and almost blind, but we have it from one of her visitors that her simple home is the abode of peace and love, and we know that sailors regard it as like the home in Bethany, which was dear to One who had not where to lay His head. Mr. WOLLESEN is still as strong, active and influential as he was thirty years ago.

This story has been told for the glory of God's grace. It has its lesson for preachers and sailor missionaries. Hear the gospel note in our chaplain's reports. Let every preacher and sailor missionary sound that note and let it echo in their reports.

Reader, will you not aid in the support of a Society which aids such men in such work ?

For The Sailors' Magazine.

A TREAT TO SAILORS' MISSIONARIES.

BY JAMES NUTCHEY.

The directors of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society use good judgment when they arrange a gathering of their missionaries each year in London and pay their expenses up in conjunction with their May meetings.

From twenty to thirty come up every year, each missionary of the society being entitled to come every other year. Entertainment being provided at the Institute, Shadwell, the missionaries are brought into constant contact with each other for three days.

The first day commences with a prayer meeting in the forenoon. To be shut up with twenty or thirty consecrated men calling upon God is an experience that words fail to describe; and it was difficult to bring it to a close. After luncheon occurred the great annual meeting of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society at the Mansion House, presided over by the Lord Mayor of London. The Hon. Joseph H. Choate in a brilliant address referred to Admirals Dewey and Sampson, and said it was not of this class he wished to speak, but of that vast army of men that go to make up our mercantile marine and navies.

At this annual meeting the Rev. E. W. Matthews appears to advantage as secretary of this society, and is looked up to with respect and admiration as the right man in the right place.

Tea was provided by the Rev. Thos. Spurgeon at his Students' Institute, followed by a prayer meeting in the basement of the Tabernacle. Mr. Spurgeon addressed the meeting and mission-

aries of the society testified to the work that was done at its stations at home and abroad.

The second day commenced by a prayer meeting at the Sailors' Institute, and after luncheon the missionaries held their conference to discuss questions of means and methods. Mr. Matthews spoke words of comfort and encouragement which will not be easily forgotten by those present. At the close the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by the Rev. Dr. Gritton.

Seamen in port and missionaries sat down to tea at 6.30 in the large hall, after which a public meeting was addressed by the missionaries, who told of the work.

On the third day the missionaries met at one of the city churches where the Rev. Dr. Moule preached from the text "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul." He met each one in the vestry after the service and was introduced to them by Mr. Matthews. Then Mr. Mason, chairman of the board of directors, took all hands for a drive through Epping Forest to his magnificent residence, where all were right royally entertained; thus bringing to a close a most enjoyable and profitable time.

WHAT shall I do lest life in silence pass?
 And if it do
 And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
 What need'st thou rue?
 Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;
 The shallows roar;
 Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit
 Along the shore.

SCHILLER.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

"What a clumsy, barrel-bellied old hooker it is, Field."

Thus, closing his telescope with a bang, the elegant chief officer of the *Mirzapore*, steel four-masted clipper ship, of 5,000 tons burden, presently devouring the degrees of longitude that lay between her and Melbourne on the arc of a composite great circle at the rate of some three hundred and sixty miles per day. As he spoke he cast his eyes proudly aloft at the splendid spread of square sails that towered upward to a height of nearly two hundred feet. Twenty-eight squares of straining canvases, from the courses stretched along yards one hundred feet or so in length, to the far away skysails of thirty-five feet head, that might easily be handled by a pair of boys.

Truly she made a gallant show. The graceful ship, in spite of her enormous size, was so perfectly modeled on yachtlike lines that, overshadowed as she was by the mighty pyramid of sail, the eye refused to convey a due sense of her great capacity. And the way in which she answered the challenge of the west wind, leaping lightsomely over the league long ridges of true-rolling sea, heightened the illusion by destroying all appearance of burden-bearing or cumbrousness. But the vessel which had given rise to Mr. Curzon's contemptuous remark was in truth the very antipodes of the *Mirzapore*. There was scarcely any difference noticeable, so far as the contour of the hull went, between her bow and stern. Only at the bow a complicated structure of massive timbers leaned far

forward of the hull, and was terminated by a huge "fiddle-head." This ornament was carved out of a great balk of timber, and in its general outlines it bore some faint resemblance to a human form, its broad breast lined out with rude carving into some device long ago made illegible by the weather; and at its summit, instead of a human head, there was a piece of scroll-work resembling the top of a fiddle-neck, which gave the whole thing its distinctive name.

The top-hamper of this stubby craft was quite in keeping with her hull. It had none of that rakish, carefully aligned set so characteristic of clipper ships. The three masts, looking as if they were so huddled together that no room was left to swing the yards, had as many kinks in them as a blackthorn stick; and their general trend, in defiance of modern nautical ideas, was forward instead of aft. The bowsprit and jibboom looked as if purposely designed by their upward sheer to make her appear shorter than she really was, and also to place her as a connecting link between the long-vanished galleasses of Elizabethan days and the snaky ships of the end of the nineteenth century. In one respect, however, she had the advantage of her graceful neighbor. Her sails were of dazzling whiteness, and when, reflecting the rays of the sun, they glistened against the deep blue-sky, the effect was so fairylike as to make the beholder forget for a moment the ungainliness of the old hull beneath.

The wind now dropped, in one of its wayward moods, until the

rapid rush past of the *Mirzapore* faltered almost to a standstill, and the two vessels, scarcely a mile apart, rolled easily on the flowing sea, as if in leisurely contemplation of each other. All the *Mirzapore's* passengers, one hundred and twenty of them, clustered along the starboard poop-rail, unfeignedly glad of this break in what they considered the long monotony of a sailing passage from London to the Colonies. And these seafarers of fifty-five days, eagerly catching their cues from the officers, discussed, in all the hauteur of amateur criticism, the various shortcomings of the homely old tub abeam. Gradually the two vessels drew nearer, by that mysterious impulse common to idly-floating things. As the different details of the old ship's deck became more clearly definable, the chorus of criticism increased, until one sprightly young thing of about forty, who was going out husband-seeking, said, "Oh, *please*, Captain James, won't you tell me what they use a funny ship like that for?"

"Well, Miss Williams," he replied gravely, "yonder vessel is one of the fast disappearing fleet of Yankee whalers; 'spouters,' as they love to term themselves. As to her use, if I don't mistake, you will soon have an object-lesson in that which will give you something to talk about all the rest of your life."

And, as he spoke, an unusual bustle was noticeable on board the stranger. Four boats dropped from the davits with such rapidity that they seemed to fall into the sea, and as each struck the water it shot away from the side as if it had been a living thing. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran through the crew of the clip-

per. It was a tribute they could scarcely withhold, knowing as they did the bungling, clumsy way in which merchant seamen perform a like manœuvre. Even the contemptuous Curzon was hushed; and the passengers, interested beyond measure, yet unable to appreciate what they saw, looked blankly at one another and at the officers, as if imploring enlightenment as to the proceeding.

With an easy gliding motion, now resting in the long green hollow between two mighty waves and again poised, birdlike, upon a foaming crest, with bow and stern a dry, those lovely boats sped away to the southward under the impulse of five oars each. Now the excitement on board the *Mirzapore* rose to fever heat. The crew, unheeded by the officers, gathered on the fore-castle-head and gazed after the departing boats with an intensity of interest far beyond that of the passengers. For it was interest born of intelligent knowledge of the conditions under which those wonderful boatmen were working, and also tempered by a feeling of compunction for the ignorant depreciation they had often manifested of a "greasy spouter."

Presently the boats disappeared from ordinary vision, although some of the more adventurous passengers mounted the rigging, and, fixing themselves in secure positions, glued their eyes to their glasses trained upon the vanishing boats. But none of them saw the object of those eager oarsmen. Of course, the sailors knew that they were after whales; but not even a seaman's eye, unless he be long accustomed to watching for whales, possesses the necessary discernment for picking up a vapory spout five or six miles away, as it lifts and exhales like a jet of steam against

the broken blue surface. Neither could any comprehend the original signals made by the ship. Just a trifling manipulation of an upper sail, the dipping or hoisting of a dark flag at the mainmast head, or the disappearance of another at the gaff-end, sufficed to guide the hunters in their chase, giving them the advantage of that lofty eye far behind them.

More than an hour passed thus tantalizingly on board the *Mirzapore*, and even the most eager watchers had tired of their fruitless gazing over the sea and at the sphinxlike old ship so near them. Then some one suddenly raised a shout, "Here they come!" It is true. They were coming—"a-zoonin'," as Uncle Remus would say. It was a sight to fire the most sluggish blood. About five hundred yards apart two massive bodies occasionally broke up the bright surface into a welter of white, then disappeared for two or three minutes, to reappear at the same furious rush. Behind each of them, spreading out about twenty fathoms apart, came two of the boats, leaping like dolphins from crest to crest of the big waves, and occasionally hidden altogether by a curtain of spray. Thus they passed the *Mirzapore*, their gigantic steeds in full view of that awe-stricken ship's company, privileged for once in their lives to see at close quarters one of the most heart-lifting sights under heaven—the Yankee whale-fisher at hand-grips with the mightiest, as well as one of the fiercest, of all created things. No one spoke as that great chase swept by; but every face told eloquently of pent-up emotion within.

Then a strange thing happened. The two whales, as they passed the *Mirzapore*, swerved each from

his direct course until they met in full career, and in a moment were rolling each over each in a horrible entanglement of whale-line amid a smother of bloody foam. The buoyant craft danced around, one strong figure erect in each bow, poising a long, slender lance, while in the stern of each boat stood another man, who manipulated a giant oar, as if it had been a feather, to swing his craft around as occasion served. The lookers-on scarcely breathed. Was it possible that men, just homely, unkempt figures like these, could dare thrust themselves into such a vortex, amongst those wallowing, maddened Titans? Indeed it was. The boats drew nearer, became involved, lances flew, oars bent, and blood—torrents of blood—befouled the glorious azure of the waves. Suddenly the watchers gasped in terror, and little cries of pain and sympathy escaped them. A boat had disappeared. Specks floated, just visible in the tumult—fragments of oars, tubs and heads of men. But there was no sound, which made the scene all the more impressive.

Still the fight went on, while the spectators forgot all else—the time, the place; all senses merged in wonder at the deeds of these their fellow-men, just following in the ordinary way their vocation.

And the thought would come that, but for an accident, this drama being enacted before their eyes would have had no audience but the screaming sea-birds hovering expectantly in the unheeding blue.

The conflict ceased. The distained waters became placid, and upon them floated quietly two vast corpses, but recently so terrible in their potentialities of destruction. By their sides lay the

surviving boats—two of them, that is; the third was busy picking up the wrecked hunters. And the old ship, with an easy adapting of her needs to the light air that hardly made itself felt, was gradually approaching the scene.

The passengers implored Captain James to lower a boat and allow them a nearer view of those recently rushing monsters, and he, very unwillingly, granted the request. So slow was the operation that by the time the port lifeboat was in the water the whaler was alongside of her prizes, and all her crew were toiling slavishly to free them from the entanglement of whale-line in which they had involved themselves. But when the passengers saw how the lifeboat tumbled about alongside in the fast-sinking swell, the number of those eager for a nearer view dwindled to half a dozen—and they were repentant of their rashness when they saw how unhandily the sailors manipulated their oars. However, they persisted for very shame's sake, their respect for the "spouters'" prowess and, through them, for their previously despised old ship, growing deeper every moment. They hovered about the old tub as they saw the labor that was necessary to get those two enormous carcasses alongside, nor dared to go on board until the skipper of her, mounting the rail, said cheerily, "Wunt ye kem aboard, sir, 'n' hev a peek roun'?"

Thus cordially invited they went, their wonder increasing until all their conceit was effectually taken out of them, especially when they saw the wonderful handiness and cleanliness of everything on board. The men, too, clothed in nondescript patches, with faces and arms almost blackened by ex-

posure, and wearing an air of detachment from the world of civilized life that was full of pathos—these specially appealed to them, and they wished with all their hearts that they might do something to atone for the injustice done to these unblazoned warriors by their thoughtless, ignorant remarks of so short a time before.

But time pressed, and they felt in the way, besides; so bidding a humble farewell to the grim-looking skipper, who answered the inquiry as to whether they could supply him with anything by a nonchalant "No, I guess not; we ain't a ben eout o' port hardly six months yet," they returned on board, having learned a fragment of that valuable lesson continually being taught: that to judge by appearances can never be anything but superficial and dangerous, especially at sea.

Night fell, shutting out from the gaze of those wearied watchers the dumpy outlines of the old whale-ship. Her crew were still toiling, a blazing basket of whale-scrap swinging at a davit and making a lurid smear on the gloomy background of the night. One by one the excited passengers sauntered below, still eagerly discussing the stirring events they had witnessed, and making a thousand fantastic additions to the facts. Gradually the conversation dwindled to a close, and the great ship was left to the watch on deck. Fitful airs rose and fell, sharp little breaths of keen-edged wind that but just lifted the huge sails lazily, and let them slat against the masts again as if in disgust at the inadequacy of cat's paws. So the night wore on, till the middle watch had been in charge about half an hour. Then, with a vengeful hiss, the treacherous wind burst upon them

from the northeast, catching that enormous sail area on the fore side, and defying the efforts of the scanty crew to reduce it. All hands were called, and manfully did they respond. Briton and Finn, German and negro toiled side by side in the almost impossible effort to shorten down, while the huge hull, driven stern foremost, told in unmistakable sea-language of the peril she was in. Hideous was the uproar of snapping running-gear, rending canvas, breaking spars and howling wind; while through it all, like a thread of human agony, ran the wailing minor of the seamen's cries as they strove to do what was required of them.

Slowly, oh, so slowly! the great ship paid off, while the heavier sails boomed out their complaint like an aerial cannonade, when up from the fore-hatch leapt a tongue of quivering flame. Every man who saw it felt a clutch at his heart. For fire at sea is always terrible, beyond the power of mere words to describe; but fire under such conditions was calculated to paralyze the energies of the bravest. There seemed to be an actual hush, as if wind and waves were also aghast at this sudden appearance of a fiercer element than they. Then rang out clear and distinct the voice of Captain James:

"Drop everything else, men, and pass along the hose! Smartly, now! 'Way down from aloft!" He was obeyed, but human nature had something to say about the smartness. Men who have been taxing their energies, as these had done, find that even the spur actuated by fear of imminent death will fail to drive the exhausted body beyond a certain point. Moreover, all of them knew that stowed in the square of the main hatch were fifty tons of gunpow-

der, which knowledge was in itself sufficient to render flaccid every muscle they possessed. Still, they did what they could, while the stewards went around to prepare the passengers for a hurried departure. All was done quietly. In truth, although the storm was now raging overhead, and the sails were being rent with infernal clamor from the yards, a sense of the far greater danger beneath their feet made the weather but a secondary consideration.

Then out of a cowering group of passengers came a feeble voice. It belonged to the lady querist of the afternoon, and it said:

"Oh, if those brave sailors from that wonderful old ship were only near, we might be saved"

Simple words, yet they sent a thrill of returning hope through those trembling hearts. Poor souls! None of them knew how far the ships might have drifted apart in that wild night, nor thought of the drag upon the old ship by those two tremendous bodies alongside of her. So every eye was strained into the surrounding blackness, as if they could pierce its impenetrable veil and bring back some answering ray of hope. The same idea, of succor from the old whale-ship, had occurred to the captain, and presently the waiting cluster of men and women saw with hungry eyes a bright trail of fire soaring upward as a rocket was discharged. Another and another followed, but without response. The darkness around was like that of the tomb. Another signal, however, now made itself manifest, and a much more effective one. Defying all the puny efforts made to subdue it, the fire in the fore-hatch burst upward with a roar, shedding a crimson glare over the whole surrounding sea, and was

wafted away to leeward in a glowing trail of sparks.

"All hands lay aft!" roared the captain, and, as they came, he shouted again, "Clear away the boats!"

Then might be seen the effect of that awful neglect of boats common to merchant ships. Davits rusted in their sockets, falls so swollen as hardly to render over the sheaves, gear missing, water-breakers leaky—all the various disastrous consequences that have given sea-tragedies their grim completeness. But while the almost worn-out crew worked with the energy of despair, there arose from the darkness without the cheery hail of "Ship ahoy!"

Could any one give an idea in cold print of the revulsion of feeling wrought by those two simple words? For one intense moment there was silence. Then from every throat came the joyful response, a note like the breaking of a mighty string overstrained by an outburst of praise.

Naturally, the crew first recovered their balance from the stupefaction of sudden relief, and with coils of rope in their hands they thronged the side, peering out into the dark for a glimpse of their deliverers.

"Hurrah!" And the boatswain hurled the main-brace far outboard at some dim object. A few seconds later there arrived on board a grim figure, quaint of speech as an Elizabethan Englishman, perfectly cool and laconic, as if the service he had come to render was in the nature of a polite morning call.

"Guess you've consid'ble of a muss put up hyar, gents all" said he; and, after a brief pause, "don't know ez we've enny gre't amount er spare time on han', so

ef yew've nawthin' else very pressin' t' tend ter, we mou't 's well see 'bout transshipment, don't ye think?"

He had been addressing no one in particular; but the captain answered him: "You are right, sir, and thank you with all our hearts! Men! See the ladies and children overside."

No one seemed to require telling that this angel of deliverance had arrived from the whale ship; any other avenue of escape was, beyond all imagination, out of the question. Swiftly yet carefully the helpless ones were handed overside; with a gentleness most sweet to see, those piratical-looking exiles bestowed them in the boat. As soon as one was safely laden, another moved up out of the murk behind and took her place. And it was done so calmly. No roaring, agitation or confusion as the glorious work proceeded. It was the very acme of good boatmanship. The light grew apace, and, upon the tall tongues of flame, in all gorgeous hues, that now cleft the night, huge masses of yellow smoke rolled far to leeward, making up a truly infernal picture.

Meanwhile, at the earliest opportunity, Captain James had called the first comer (chief mate of the whaler) apart and quietly informed him of the true state of affairs. The "down-Easter" received this appalling news with the same taciturnity that he had already manifested, merely remarking as he shifted his quid into a more comfortable position, "Wall, cap, ef she lets go 'fore we've all gut clear, some ov us 'll take th' short cut t' glory, anyhaow." But for all his apparent nonchalance he had kept a wary eye upon the work a-doing to see that no moment was wasted.

And so it came to pass that the last of the crew gained the boats, and there remained on board the *Mirzapore* but Captain James and his American deliverer. According to immemorial precedent, the Englishman expressed his intention of being last on board. And, upon inviting his friend to get into the waiting boat, straining at her painter astern, the latter said, "Sir! I 'low no dog-goned matter ov etiquette t' spile my work, 'n' I must say t' I don' quite like th' idee ov leavin' yew behine; so ef yew'll excuse me——" And with a movement sudden and lithe as a leopard's he seized the astonished captain and dropped him over the taffrail into the boat as she rose upon a sea-crest. Before the Englishman had quite realized what had befallen him, his assailant was standing by his side, manipulating the steer-oar and shouting, "Naow then, m' sons, pull two, starn three; so, altogether!"

And those silent men did indeed "give way." The long supple blades of their oars flashed crimson in the awful glare behind, as the heavily laden but still buoyant craft climbed the watery hills or plunged into the hissing valleys. Suddenly there was one deep voice that rent the heavens. The whole expanse of the sky was lit up by crimson flame, in the midst of which hurtled fragments of that once magnificent ship. The sea rose in heaps, so that all the boatmen's skill was needed to keep their craft from being overwhelmed. But they reached the ship—the humble, clumsy old "spouter" that had proved to them a veritable ark of safety in time of their utmost need.

Captain James had barely recovered his outraged dignity when he was met by a quaint figure advanc-

ing out of the thickly packed crowd on the whaler's quarter-deck. "I'm Cap'n Fish, at yew're service, sir. We hain't over 'n' above spacious in eour 'commodation, but yew're all welcome t' the best we hev'; 'n' I'll try 'n' beat up f'r th' Cape 'n' lan' ye 's quick 's it kin be did."

The Englishman had hardly voice to reply; but recollecting himself said: "I'm afraid, Captain Fish, that we shall be sadly in your way for dealing with those whales we saw you secure yesterday."

"Not much yew wunt," was the unexpected reply. "We hed t' make eour ch'ice mighty sudden between them fish 'n' yew, 'n' of course, though we're noways extravagant, they hed t' go." The simple nobility of that homely man, in thus for self and crew passing over the loss of from eight to ten thousand dollars at the first call from his kind, was almost too much for Captain James, who answered unsteadily: "If I have any voice in the matter there will be no possibility of the men who dared the terrors of fire and sea to save me and my charges being heavily fined for their humanity."

"Oh, *thet's* all right," said Captain Fish.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

Sealed Orders.

We bear sealed orders o'er life's weltered sea,

Our haven dim and far;

We can but man the helm right cheerily,
Steer by the brightest star,

And hope that when at last the Great
Command

Is read, we then may hear
Our anchor song, and see the longed-for
land

Lie known and very near.

RICHARD BURTON.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BRITISH-BORN SAILOR: A NATIONAL DANGER.

BY COMMANDER W. DAWSON, SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONS TO
SEAMEN SOCIETY, LONDON.

A physical struggle for the national existence of Great Britain is conceivable. Should such a war occur, it would probably be fought out on the seas. Our possible foes in that dire maritime encounter would be principally Europeans. The music discoursed in recent years by the Concert of Europe does not forbid such a supposition. It is not a century since Great Britain met all Europe in arms; history may repeat itself, and with a difference. Gigantic preparations for war engage the primary attention of the most powerful, cultured, and Christian nations. The weapons forged and the forces organized are meant for use. Where there is a will to fight, occasion will not be long delayed. Let us suppose the European Concert dominated by a capable young monarch who knows his own mind, and has a mind worth knowing, and that continental Europe unitedly girds itself once more against the British Isles; this island empire could not accept the challenge with a light heart, even on the seas.

In that evil day Britain would need all her seafaring sons, whether seamen or the younger of the 71,314 regular fishermen, and all her weapons. Most of the 7,618 British merchant vessels, propelled by steam and capable of keeping the seas, might join in the hostile encounter. With bows fortified and water-tight bulkheads, and armed with quick-firing guns and torpedoes, nearly all might share in the defense of these islands and of our seaborne com-

merce. This is partially recognized by conditionally subsidizing some few merchant liners, but not yet so as to the ordinary ocean tramps, coasters, and tugs. Our enemies would be blind and unenterprising indeed if, with such a rich prize in anticipation, they did not find a hostile use for their own merchant fleets, seeing the special vulnerability of our Empire and its commerce. In such a vital struggle for national existence war navies would be but the point to the lance.

To whom would be entrusted the last effort for national existence? To the cosmopolitan crews whose moral habits drive respectable Britons from their forecastles? To the 28,000 Chinamen and other Asiatics who man our fine steam liners trading with the Far East? To the Polynesians, Africans, and South American races now serving under the British flag? To the Greeks, Levanters and other Mediterranean sailors who help to work many of our merchant ships? Whether these various races are entitled or not to call themselves British subjects? Or should we entrust the defense of our commerce to the very nationalities of the North with whose countries we may be at deadly war, and who are now amongst the best sailors trained up in the long-voyage section of our mercantile marine? Scarcely not!

The sailors, to overcome the prime seamen of France, Germany, and the North, must be at least their equals in skill, intelligence, and character. They must

not only be Britons, but, if possible, sailors accustomed to ships, the best of their kind that training, experience, and moral suasion can produce.

What British men-of-war's-men are amongst the military navies of the world, that the enlarged fighting crews of our merchant steam fleets, struggling for Britain's existence, must also be to our possible foes. Physically, professionally, morally, and spiritually the crews to fight our merchant fleets against European foes must be at least the equals of their opponents. But, surely, above all, in such a life and death struggle for the nation's existence, they must be personally animated by ardent patriotism. * * *

Viewed from a merely commercial aspect, in time of peace, little can be said against this co-operation of nationalities in conducting our carrying trade. The Northern Europeans generally come to us as excellent men, though they often become morally contaminated by the demoralizing influences of service under our flag. Those shipping companies which discard British-born sailors, evidently find that doing so pays well in dividends. We are here, however, regarding the disappearance of British-born merchant sailors merely as a matter of national defense. From that point of view, their disappearance at the rate of 1,300 per annum is a matter for the State, and not specially for the merchant, to consider.

Why do the British-born sailors disappear? A high authority on nautical affairs in the reigns of Elizabeth and of the early Stuarts supplies the answer. Admiral Sir William Monson was then writing of "the ill-management of Spanish ships." We have but to change

the words "Spain" and "Spaniards," into "Britain" and "Britons." Monson wrote about two hundred and sixty years ago: "Notwithstanding the necessity they have of sailors, there is no nation less respectful of them than the Spaniards, which is the principal cause of their want of them; and till Spain alters this course, let them never think to be well served at sea."

In recent years British sailors have grown in respectability, and moral character, and in Christian principle. Make it possible for such superior men to earn secure livelihoods in the foreign-going trade for themselves, their wives, and their children. This is the principal object which takes grown men to sea. To maintain, by their labors, a home ashore and a home at sea is difficult enough, without having also to maintain ruffians in every seaport, and to be kept out of their earnings for long periods, as no other body of workmen by sea or land are kept out of them. Many of these respectable, well-conducted, high-principled merchant-seamen join United States services, or quit the sea, when their places are apt to be taken by the "ne'er-do-weels" of the land. Then the ship managers and ship masters affected speak ill of the only sort of Britons, who, to avert starvation, enter their employment.

Respectable, God-fearing, British-born sailors man the ships of the coasting and home trades, of some well-managed shipping companies in the foreign trade, yachts and the Royal Navy. The just and considerate managers and captains of these well-ordered ships don't speak ill of their British crews. They are proud of them. Like master, like man. The com-

mander of a ship-of-war on a distant station recently wrote: "The change in the naval service since I joined in 1869 is, one may say, startling. The raw material is much the same, but the finished article is far superior; it is, if I may say so, a far more delicate weapon. If in those days it was a cutlass, it is now a small sword; the great difference lying in twenty years of education, and a gradual decline of general taste for drink and rowdiness. The men are so well educated and intelligent that they have become more refined in manners, language, everything. But their attitude to their officers, due to increased education and intelligence, is the more critical. The officer has a harder task in maintaining his intellectual superiority." * * *

True, there is another side to the shield. British merchant seamen are not all sailors, nor are all tarred with the same brush. We are not all drunken, diseased, disobedient, and incompetent, as our railers allege. But if we are, it is the system administered by government, shipping managers, and ship-masters, which makes us so. It is said that northern Europeans enter our merchant service respectable and moral men, but that, after a few voyages, they become quite as bad as the Britons. If the Asiatics, Africans, Levanters, and other foreigners, often with disgusting habits and morals, who associate with or replace Britons in the forecastles of our long-voyage trade, are, as is sometimes alleged, our moral superiors, this is a wholesome condemnation of an immoral and wicked system.

If there be, as alleged, a general degradation of British character at sea, the lamentable failure of the system of training, payment,

and management, pursued by British merchants, can only proceed from one of three causes: 1. That only degenerate and bad characters will enter the sea service of British merchants, and that their immoral propensities are not subsequently improved under their moral and physical treatment? or, 2. That the original human material received from the shore is high-principled, but becomes contaminated, and debased by association with mixed nationalities, by their immoral surroundings, and by the system of payment, agreement, and management? or, 3. That some of the good human material received in boyhood escapes moral pollution, and on arriving at manhood seizes favorable opportunities to transfer its labor and high character to positions, whether afloat or ashore, less degrading and more remunerative than the long-voyage employment of the complainants. * * *

There is another cause of the disappearance of British-born sailors. A sailor's life is as precious to himself and to his family as that of a landsman. Life at sea, away from relations, medical cognizance, religious influences, and publicity, does not demand less legal security than life passed on land with all these moral and natural safeguards. When a person dies in the British Isles a medical certificate that death has arisen from some natural cause must precede burial; and, if the medical man cannot certify this, a coroner steps in to inquire who killed him or her, whilst persons suspected by the coroner's inquest of contributing to the death are often indicted in the courts of law.

A legal fiction, however, obtains that the action of the Common Law requires the production of the

dead body. Hence it arises that if a seaman and a cargo-pig be washed overboard together, and neither the body of the seaman nor the carcass of the pig be recovered, the Common Law can be invoked as to the loss of the pig, which is property, but not as to the loss of the seaman, who is only a human being. * * *

Legal impunity means that "dead men tell no tales," and must engender recklessness and waste of life on the high seas. The best life-saving apparatus on board ship would be the extension to the sea of the legal security for life in force on land, and that notwithstanding the non-production of the body. * * *

The disappearance of British sailors is hardly to be wondered at, so long as they are robbed with impunity of their earnings, health, and character. Crimping is not a mere case of "land sharks and seagulls." We sailors are not quite simpletons. There are no crimps at such ports as Cowes, Portsmouth, Dover, Great Yarmouth, etc., where there are few long-voyage merchant crews paid off. In the coasting and home trades crews are practically continuously employed, and, being frequently paid, receive wages in small sums, so that they are not worth robbing. It is in the foreign-going trade that crews (if they are not Asiatics) are paid off on reaching the United King-

dom, having had their wages withheld from them during the whole period of their voyages. Most of the rascalities of which seamen and their families are the victims arise out of this non-payment of wages. "The love of money is a root of all evil."

In the early years of this century the Admiralty acted on the principle "keep the men poor and they will serve at sea." To empty men-of-war's men's pockets was an exigency of the service. Driven by starvation, men shipped on board a man-of-war. The crimp, the publican, and the prostitute, in promoting poverty, became allies of the naval authorities, patriots providing crews for His Majesty's ships. The pay arrangements fitted into this abominable design. Continuous service, frequent payments, and just treatment have, however, banished the crimp from the Queen's service.

But poverty is still a motive power in manning a large section of the mercantile marine. The crimp, the publican, and the prostitute reduce many merchant seamen in the foreign-going trade to starvation, and are thus the merchants' recruiting agents, without whom crews could not be induced to serve under some employers. The pay arrangements in the foreign going trade fit into this 'degrading and debasing system.

(To be continued.)

WITH CHAPLAIN TREANOR.

The pleasure which our successful hooking of this fast vessel gave the sailors on board her was obvious. There was a broad smile of approval on every man's face as we climbed on board, in doing which care was necessary, as in

spite of careful steering the boat would sheer a little now and then, and there was a bit of a lop on the weather side of the vessel.

Having shaken hands all round and asked the invariable question, "Where are you bound to?"—a

question very applicable to the brief, eventful voyage we all are making, and which always gives me pause—I asked had they any books, to which they replied “that was the very thing they was short of.”

I gave them books fore and aft, good wholesome literature, bound books, numbers of some of the magazines, religious pamphlets, tracts, in a word such reading matter as combines the useful and the agreeable, the religious element of course predominating. We take care that if unable to purchase they shall have somehow a Bible or the New Testament.

Mere works of fiction, with rare exceptions of books both great and good, it is not our business to circulate; and there are many works of fiction in the present day, and those works of genius too, which in the writer's opinion are “earthly, sensual, devilish,” and neither fit for the drawing-room table—where, alas! they are too often found—nor for the sailors' fore-castle.

The men who daily face death deserve a pure literature at our hands, and that which ennobles and lifts up the soul to the Delectable Mountains.

Shame on the taste and the genius which panders to the appetite for such noxious food in poetry or prose so nobly denounced by the present Lord Chancellor of England! “The shameless woman, the self-indulgent hero, the tawdry sentimentalist, the cynical coxcomb—these be thy gods, O Israel! Is there no Bavius or Maevius among us to drive the ignoble herd from popularity? Could the twentieth century be the fair beginning of a time when men would, like the knights of King Arthur's table, strive

“‘Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach bright thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man.’”

Therefore, despite the petty sneers one meets as to “goody-goody,” an expression I have with indignation heard applied to noble books and to noble men, we strive to supply the sailors with reading matter—books, tracts, magazines—to their hearts' content, in order that their minds and imaginations may, so far as we can, be filled with “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,” that they may “think on these things” when borne on the dreadful wave and far away at sea.

And the sailors appreciate the effort to supply them with good books, and, above all, God's blessing rests upon the sacred task.

To use their own words on this occasion, “books was just what they was short of”—with which, having supplied them, I said, “Let me have three words with all hands before I go.”

I should perhaps explain that tide and wind being in the same direction, and forming what is called “a lee tide,” only a short visit was possible, as we should in a very short time be towed so far away from home that we could not return for many hours, nor venture to hook on to another ship which, going in the same direction, would tow us still farther away.

Hence I only read a text of the

Scripture—"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ" (2 Cor. v. 10)—spoke of Him, our sacrifice, and substitute, Judge, able and willing to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him.

All hands were gathered aft. The captain was at the wheel. The brave, keen north-easter sang its solemn music in the rigging, which formed the strings of a mighty harp.

The ship heeled over, pressed by the beauteous curves of the expanded sails, and plunging her lee rail down to the white yeast of foam raging along her sides; for on each side of the ship, in long lines, there raced aft the frothing spume of the sea, smitten and churned and divided into blue breakers crowned with sparkling foam by each drive and hammer of her bows and cleaving forefoot.

With these surroundings we knelt on the deck, beginning with the collect, "Prevent us, Lord," then a very short prayer extempore, "Our Father," and ending with the blessing.

Then our boat was sheered alongside, and though rushing through the water as fast as the towing and towering ship, there is no difficulty, given ordinary caution, in getting into her; the ship's hawser is cast off, and before this line of manuscript can be written we are fifty yards astern of her, and she fades away into the mighty mystery of the sea.

On board these flying vessels some touching incidents occur. After a short service on board a Welsh vessel, they sang for our edification, or rather for their own, a hymn in Welsh. The music was peculiarly attractive, and the deep feeling of the singers was manifest; then a final word of prayer,

and—mark! Churchmen and Dissenters assembled in the name of the Lord Jesus—and then the captain's farewell word, "We've had a lot of trouble this voyage, *but this repays for all!*"

Then again, we cast off from this ship, reach out far on the broad sea, and tack to the north towards another vessel.

Here another Welsh captain says, "Do you remember that sheet of Sunday School cards, made by the children of that school near Yalding, that you gave me?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I have it framed and glazed and hung up at home; and if you ever come to Carnarvon, I'll show it to you! 'Twas beautiful!"

That, therefore, which is done in the Redeemer's name, and in love and affection for our fellow mortals, is not done in vain, and can sometimes be traced even by the limited faculties of mankind.

"Where," said the mate of a vessel to me, "do you think I left that Sankey's Hymn Book you gave me?"

"Can't imagine," I said.

"Pitcairn's Island," he told me, and added, "They *were* pleased with it."

If we, merely groping in the twilight, by our tentative contrivances can so track out the results of our actions, surely He who has eyes like a flame of fire, whose vision runs to and fro over the whole earth—surely He, at the Great Day of the revelation of the truth of all things, can and will trace out both as to giver and receiver, even the very cup of cold water given for His name's sake.

THE liquor traffic holds a mortgage on every cradle.—*New York Tribune.*

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Holland.

ROTTERDAM.

Extracts from the annual report:

Before proceeding to narrate an account of the work we would acknowledge our indebtedness to Almighty God for His loving favor and our thanks to all the many friends who have in many ways assisted us.

The year just ended has been one of progress in nearly every department. The number of meetings held has been greater than last year. The aggregate attendances have been considerably higher. The number of men sleeping on the premises has been greater too, whilst many men have signed the temperance pledge, and a greater number of seamen have professed a change of heart and life. We thank God that He has been pleased to use us as His instruments in blessing the dear men of the sea.

With few exceptions meetings have been held twice on Sundays and every night in the week except Saturdays all through the year. Many a time during these meetings seamen have shown signs of deep attention and often emotion as the great truths of the glorious gospel have been put before them in homely language. In such cases we have kept in communication with them by correspondence and very cheering have been the letters received from those sons of the sea who have been led to a new life of godliness and sobriety. These letters coming to us after the writers have been removed from the influence of direct personal contact clearly prove that the impressions made have been permanent and have produced good fruit in better and happier lives. A few extracts from these letters may interest the reader:

"I have been thinking of what you said in your last letter about waiting silently on Jesus and I have done so and I feel He is with me all the time. I have asked God to guide me so that I may be able to speak to some on and to tell them of His great love to us."

"I am glad to say I am still looking to Jesus and trusting upon Him alone, and that I wait upon God for His blessing every day. Tenderly He leads us, every

step we go, oh how sweet to trust Him all the way below."

As has been already stated a goodly number of seamen have been induced to sign the temperance pledge, but there has been no undue pressure brought to bear upon any. Rather have men been cautioned not to sign unless they were prepared to look for a greater strength than their own.

"So far I have kept the pledge and with God's help intend to keep it."

"I have so far kept the pledge I signed in Rotterdam and have tried to lead a better life."

British seamen as well as others of many nationalities have been frequently visited in the Rotterdam general hospital. Many sick and weary ones have been cheered and helped and supplied with copies of Holy Scriptures, books and tracts in their own languages.

The reading room has been open as usual twelve hours every day in the year. Its kindly shelter from the temptations which abound on every side has been much appreciated. A number of seamen through the year have been brought in from the streets and quays helpless from having yielded to temptations and kept till sober and then put on board their ships by means of the steam-launch or row-boat, often at great personal risk.

We know that some definitely accepted into their hearts the wonderful gift of God's love.

"I am spending my time as a real Christian ought to do, and am very well contented, only I am sorry that I didn't do so long ago. I shall never forget to thank the Lord that He sent me to you, for you have showed me and explained to me a new and happy road; oh! what a beautiful road it is."

Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

The Rev. FRANK THOMPSON writes on July 21:

It is now nearly a year since we lost the Bethel ship *Hopeful*, and in reviewing the intervening period I am led to feel that, though in many respects the *Hope-*

ful is very much missed and truly a great loss, yet the spiritual side of the work has not suffered so much as the social side. Indeed, it would appear that the religious aspect of the mission's work was never more encouraging or satisfactory.

"I would be glad, were it possible, to continue our periodical social gatherings of our sailors with their concerts and tea parties. They might be turned to good account and made to serve a good purpose under the right management. But as the great end in view is to bring the gospel home to the sailor's heart in a personal way, I find the personal interview and the short talk in the forecabin more fruitful of spiritual results. The conditions of our port are exceptional in this, that we have little or no chance to do anything for the sailor on shore by way of gathering a congregation or holding public religious services. Our work in this direction is confined to the hospitals, amongst the sick. As a rule sailors are not discharged from foreign ships; we have to deal on shore only with the runaways, the sick and the criminals; by the latter class is meant those who are left in prison for having committed some offence against the discipline of the ship or the laws of the land. A most important work, however, it is to care for and help these unfortunate men, and we always have large numbers of them among us. A German Sailors' Rest has been opened, with two beds, placed under the care of a good Christian man and his wife. Many of the men from the school ship *Hartford* were entertained there when the ship visited this port some months since, and although the men had to sleep on mattresses on the floor, they preferred it to going elsewhere to the so-called sailors' boarding houses. This is an experiment as yet, but is worthy of success.

Just now we are passing through another boisterous and stormy winter, June, July and August being our winter months; the rains for weeks back have been excessive and the winds violent; our Sabbath services had to be given up two Sundays on this account. Ships at anchor in the bay suffered considerable damage, but there has been no loss of life up to the present, unfortunately this cannot be said of other ports to the south of us. A large steamer coming from Coronal to this port was lost last week, all but nine on board perishing, twenty-three lost.

However we have good health, and more blessings perhaps than we deserve, and

we do not complain, on the contrary, we thank God for His goodness and mercy to us and to our mission.

Number of ships in port since last statement, 231; religious services on the *Cochimbo*, 10, on shipboard, 27, in hospital, 7, elsewhere, 11; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 20, of others, 5; religious visits to hospitals, 21, on ships, 208, in boarding houses and prisons, 18; Bibles, Testaments and gospels distributed, 18, tracts, 300, papers, 360, magazines, 79, books, 14, packages of reading put on board seagoing ships, 57.

Argentine Republic.

ROSARIO.

Mr. F. ERICSSON writes on July 18:

The mission has been encouraging and brought blessing to ourselves. We have seen a young English sailor thanking God that he learned to know Jesus as his Saviour during the time he was here. A letter came from New York written by a young Swedish sailor saying that he is very happy with the Saviour for two months and sixteen days, and as he had been with us he liked to let us know it.

I am leaving the Home and mission on August 1. As Mr. BLAIR and self are members of the committee and much interested in the seamen's mission, we will do what our time permits us to do of religious work voluntarily.

Boarders, 63; ships visited, 164; tracts and magazines distributed, about 3 000; gospel meetings held, 40; visits to hospitals, 24; packets of reading matter given away, 82.

Before closing this I have to thank you and the Society you represent very much for all the kind assistance you have given to our mission during my service here.

Madeira.

FUNCHAL.

The Rev. W. G. SMART writes on August 9:

The U. S. S. *St. Mary*, *Enterprise* and *Saratoga* have been here. Last Sunday Mr. H. L. NICHOLLS, who is helping in the sailors' work, had a bright service on the *St. Mary* and two young Christians from the shore sang a duet, two officers were present and captain REEDE has asked Mr. NICHOLLS to go again to-morrow;

in the afternoon another service was held on the *Enterprise*, and to-morrow afternoon one is arranged for the *Saratoga*.

Some boys have been to the Rest. It is said that five more American men-of-war are coming, besides those of other nations. No service had been held on the *Enterprise* for two years! I ask prayer for the work here. We need more money to carry it on properly.

Canada.

From the Annual Report of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society.

Mr. JAMES S. POTTER writes of sailors' mission work on lake and river:

Six hundred and seventy visits were made to vessels on lake, river and canals; each visit ranging from a few minutes to ten or twelve hours. The opportunities for conversations, services, prayer and praise, while sailing with the men, have been numerous, and we trust has redounded to the glory of God. One hundred and sixty-five bags of literature were placed on board by our missionary, and many others by co-workers in Brockville, Prescott and Deseronto. The bags and their contents have been much prized and sought after. Thirty-three services were held among sailors on shipboard and wharf, and were well attended, and much blessing effected by the power of God's Holy Spirit in a waking men.

The Rest at Kingston was opened 15th May and closed end of October. Seven hundred visits were made to it by the sailors in port. Services and entertainments were held; letters written to friends, and men conversed with. It has been a safe anchorage for many young men, who otherwise would be led to the bar-room and other evil companionships. Not a few young men have told their life story to your missionary in the Sailors' Rest.

About the last service conducted in the Rest on a Sabbath evening, there were present members of the crew of the schooner *St. Peter*, which sailed from Kingston to load coal at Oswego, and after leaving her loading port, foundered, and all hands were lost except the captain. On board of that same vessel, and in the afternoon of that day, your missionary sat for half an hour speaking of God's love, and the necessity of preparation to meet God, to those present, including the captain's

wife; little knowing that before the next Lord's Day came round, they would be in eternity. We must be in season and out of season—life is uncertain—time short—the King's business requireth haste and faithfulness.

During the past season I have reached a large number of barges, in Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal and the canals, distributed hundreds of gospels and thousands of pages of tracts in French among them. A young lady in Port Hope and another in Ottawa have supplied the mission with hundreds of beautiful floral cards, most suitable for the French children on these barges. I consider the work among these men, women and children of great, if not the greatest importance, because of their ignorance of God's word, believing as I do that the gospel in its simplicity is the only illuminating power to dispel the darkness.

The Loan Library system was inaugurated during the past season of navigation. Your missionary, desirous of adopting such means as are used in sailor's mission work elsewhere for the elevation morally, intellectually and spiritually of our sailors, appealed to the congregations he visited, and spoke of the benefits that would accrue from having a number of boxes filled with books of biography, history, travel, etc., with Bible, prayer-book and book of sermons in each, to be placed on board of vessels sailing out of this port on both sides of the river, and exchanged every month. The appeal was heartily endorsed everywhere, and the result is that individuals, Sabbath Schools and Christian Endeavor Societies have contributed thirty-three loan libraries, valued at \$5 each. Thus another much needed branch of sailors' mission work has been added to the Society's effort to reach the men of the sea. The following will reveal how the libraries were appreciated:

"This is five dollars saved by my brother who was drowned several years ago; we have been keeping it in remembrance of him, but seeing the good work that is being done by the Library Boxes, we gladly give it to you, with it our prayers that the work may prosper and God be glorified."

"Library No. 13 was left on *Rosedale*, at Owen Sound, until we should go to Kingston; the books were read a great deal and appreciated; speaking for myself I enjoyed them very much, and I think the system of loan libraries a very good one."

"Just a line to thank you for the loan of the libraries. I think the library is about the best move that has been made for the benefit of the sailors, as I know how much they were appreciated aboard the *Glengarry*. The books were good

and one could not read them without being benefited."

"The loan libraries were very much appreciated on board steamer *Tecumseh*. All hands read and enjoyed books very much. I think the system is excellent."

At Ports in the United States.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.

From the annual report of the Rev. S. S. NICKERSON:

The voyage of one year more has not been without its storms, fogs, and undercurrents, but we have kept the dipsey lead [prayer] going, which has kept us on soundings and clear from shipwreck. St. Paul declares, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." We would transfigure that a little and say, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that the sailor might be saved."

Your missionaries are alive to the fact that the sailor needs clothing and transportation to his home when shipwrecked, or to be cared for until he can find another ship. He needs medicine when sick, friends in a strange port, and comfort bags to take on his long voyage. He needs social life on shore, and good fellowship. But above all he needs Jesus to steady his life, that he may not be swamped in the breakers of temptation on the shore.

The year has been fruitful. Sailors representing many nations have met your missionaries at the chapel. Together we have sung "Land ahead, its fruits are waving," and they have gone away to sea, possibly never to meet again.

Sunday services have been conducted as usual. Preaching in the morning, Sunday School at 12 o'clock, praise service at 6.45 led by Mrs. S. E. DOWNING, and preaching again at 7.30 p. m., and a meeting in the Bos'n's Locker by the missionaries after the evening sermon. This last meeting of the Sabbath is always a fruitful service, many at this time yielding themselves to Christ. The sailors and the people of the North End pay good attention to the preaching of the gospel, and are grateful to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society for supplying them a place for worship.

The Sunday School is small but exceedingly interesting. The superintendent, Mr. GEORGE MASTERS, is a sailor who was converted at your chapel several years ago. He is never discouraged but always hopeful. The Sunday School is a faithful helper of the society.

The Woman's Seaman's Friend Society: These ladies gave a Monday afternoon social and reception to the sailors during the winter, which was greatly appreciated by the sailors.

Monday evenings we have a meeting of Good Templars. It is a great inducement for sailors to quit drink and lead lives of sobriety.

Tuesday evening is our social night, a time when we endeavor to make a pleasant evening, socially, for the seamen. Your society has reason to be grateful for the help of the churches and the Christian Endeavor Societies, who aid the work so bountifully and gratuitously. Not one society has ever refused to respond when it could reasonably do so. The seamen enjoy their coming. The Christmas entertainment was provided by the young people of the Congregational Church, Newton. It was a royal turkey supper, to which about three hundred sailors did ample justice.

Floating Christian Endeavor: Every Wednesday the Floating Society holds a prayer meeting. These meetings have been greatly helped by the Cambridge Christian Union and other societies. Their coming has added a new interest to this work.

Friday evening prayer meetings: These meetings always have been profitable and well sustained. The sailors as they return from their voyages tell of the goodness of God on the high seas, and the comfort received in the hour of peril through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The altar services have been seasons of refreshing, and here men have dedicated themselves to Christ.

Ladies' Sewing Circle: Mrs. S. E. DOWNING held the position of president for a number of years and was a great help,

especially in the earlier part of my chaplaincy. Many things were needed that we did not care to ask your society for. These ladies again and again procured these necessities by their own work, and we shall never forget their labors of love. Other duties pressing upon Mrs. DOWNING, she resigned last fall, and Mrs. MELIA J. DERBY was elected to fill the vacancy. These ladies of the Sewing Circle are actively engaged in preparing for a sale next fall of useful articles.

Chorus: Miss PERRY, your organist and chorus director of music, has kept up the interest in the choir. Every Thursday evening she has a rehearsal, to which the sailors are invited. The members of the chorus deserve credit for their constant attendance and services given gratuitously. Miss LUCY R. COVELL, a soloist furnished by the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society for two and one half years, closed her services the 1st of January, 1900. Miss AUGUSTA KLOUS is now the leading soprano and soloist. Her services are appreciated by the sailors and church.

Miss FRINK, your missionary, after being laid aside for a while by a severe illness, returned to her work on the 1st of March. We are glad to have her with us again. Mr. GREENWOOD's work is among the sailors on the ships largely. He has been a faithful worker and meets with a good reception on shipboard.

I am glad to say that we are all working with the seamen with one object, and that your missionaries are working harmoniously with your chaplain. All are in unison, and each is doing his or her best to carry out the purpose of this society.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. J. B. MERRITT writes on September 29:

While I have reached many sailors the attendance at the Bethel has been small, as was to be expected during the heated term. The congregations are improving and as soon as it is a little cooler will be largely augmented. We are making a number of improvements and our rooms will be made more comfortable and tasteful.

I have received a number of letters from seamen of late, one of which comes from Fort Stanton, New Mexico, where the government has established a hospital for

consumptive sailors. In it he makes the statement that he embraced the gospel in the Bethel here several years ago, and gives utterance to many kindly words about our work in hospital and chapel.

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 161, all others, 27; religious services held in chapel, 24, elsewhere, 2; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 10, of others, 3; religious visits to hospitals, 92, on ships, 188; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 13, tracts, &c., 11,000 pages.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

The Rev. P. A. MURRAY writes on September 20:

Our work is opening well and the prospect for successful work this fall and winter is encouraging. I will organize a Sunday School which will begin operations on the first Sunday in October. I hope to reach a number of sailors through this school. The proprietor of a large music establishment in our city has kindly offered me the use of a much-needed piano. This will be of great help to us. We will put it in the parlor of the Home so as to give the officers and men a pleasant evening occasionally. I would be glad to have you visit us.

I greatly need an energetic young man to assist in the work generally, but have not found one. Our trouble is that we are not able to pay much for such assistance. The work grows on me and my interest in it deepens day by day. I was very green when I began, but I am learning and by and by hope to be of service to the seamen.

Alabama.

MOBILE.

The Rev. R. A. MICKLE writes on September 1:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 16, all others, 50; religious services held in chapel, 8, in hospital, 15; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 8, of others, 8; religious visits to hospital, 8, on ships, 90, in boarding houses, 45; New Testaments distributed, 13, and a large quantity of magazines and some good books.

During the month the average amount

of work has been done, and the usual encouraging marks of divine favor have been bestowed. I will avoid going into details this time in order to have the privilege of embodying in full the following letter from a sailor boy to the chaplain. The young lady who made the recitation referred to is Miss KATIE BELL TAYLOR, of Mobile.

"I was converted in January, 1898, at a Methodist chapel in Liverpool, and in September, 1898, I joined the Christian Endeavor at Tacoma, Washington. I remained loyal to my Saviour until April, 1899. After that date I am sorry to say that I have followed my old master, the devil, and have gone from bad to worse. I had just started drinking when I came to this place and was checked in time by that recitation. I have been longing to come back to my Saviour all the time, but something keeps me back. I am young yet, having only just turned my nineteenth birthday. I have no one that I could share my troubles with, my parents being dead these years, and my greatest help was my poor mother; she tried her best to lead me along on the path of righteousness until she died. Dear sir, I should have liked to have seen you tonight because of my trouble in not following Christ. I can't write everything concerning myself to you but I wish you would pray for me, because the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Good-bye, and I must thank you for your entertainment last night. I wish I had been able to thank the young lady for that recitation that has checked me in time."

Texas.

GALVESTON.

The Rev. JOHN F. SARNER writes on October 2:

What shall I write? Recall again to my mind the details of the awful experiences of September 8? No, I cannot do it. The tale can never be told as it really is; it reaches far beyond human comprehension.

The storm and the terrible destruction it wrought upon our city is fairly described in the local papers; so, in order to make the sad story short, I shall only touch upon the shipping a little. Docks and warehouses are very much damaged, many totally destroyed. Fishing schooners and truckboats were carried far up the streets and smashed to splinters. The steamer

Cumberland was sunk at the wharf. The British steamers *Benedict*, *Hilarius*, *Kendal Castle*, *Red Cross* and *Taunton* are all aground. Those vessels drifted many miles from the city and it will take a fortune to float them again, if indeed some of them will be floated at all. Many other steamers and sailing vessels were aground, but are floated already. The loss to the shipping interest is immense, but the work to put everything in a first class shape again is pushed with vigor and determination. Galveston will rise again to become a greater port than it ever was.

Losses in lives can be fairly estimated at 7,000, and property at least \$20,000,000.

I shall now endeavor to give you an idea of the present condition of our work. The house in which we lived was swept away and we lost all we had except our lives. The mission building is a wreck and its contents ruined or destroyed, so we have now to start afresh. We have the faith and courage and God will surely provide the means. We had just started to take a step now and then, but again we are flat on the ground, prostrated, but not dead.

My records were destroyed by the storm and flood, so I can give no definite numbers of vessels, visits made or work done. Before the storm the work was carried on as usual, but since, comparatively little has been done. For a week I was laid up with sore feet from walking in mud and water for more than three days, trying to help the unfortunate as best I could. I visit the ships as often as possible, speaking to the men as occasion may permit, but have very little reading matter to distribute; no tracts and only a few books. To hold regular services aboard the vessels is almost impossible, because the work is going on from dawn to sunset and everything is in a busy confusion. We would be very thankful indeed if some good literature could be sent us for distribution among the seamen.

The house in which we had our mission will be rebuilt, but it will take three months before we can move in there again. I now hold services in the Y. M. C. A. when permitted to do so.

A good word for the sailors is not out of place. Many sons of the sea brought honor upon themselves by saving the lives of hundreds of people who were in great peril and otherwise would have perished. One, by the name of LARSON, was said to have rescued about three hundred people. Two others brought at least thirty to the same building where I stayed. Also the officers and men of the revenue cutter

Galveston did a splendid work. May the Lord have compassion on us; healing the sick and broken-hearted, strengthening our faith and preparing us for greater work in the future.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. JAMES SHERRARD writes on September 1:

Last Sunday at the U. S. Marine Hospital there were eleven requests for prayer and at the close of the meeting nearly all of them signified their desire to accept Christ as their Saviour and to henceforth live Christian lives. I visited two Spanish steamships to-day and supplied them with papers, tracts and a few Testaments. At first it is rather difficult to get them to accept them, until they understand that they are "without money and without price," and then they are eager to receive them.

Also on October 1:

Number of American ships in port since last statement, 111, all others, 239; religious services held in chapel, 14, in hospital, 22; average attendance of seamen at religious services, 7, of others, 20; religious visits to hospitals, 25, on ships, 132; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 14, tracts, &c., 2,246.

"Another feature of the work is supplying the men with packages of reading matter for their entertainment and profit on their long, dreary voyages. Last year over 12,000 magazines and papers were disposed of in this way. The large number of friends of the Bethel, both in the city and country, have made it possible to supply this demand by sending magazines and papers to the Bethel after they are through with them. That the work on their behalf is appreciated by the sailors is shown by the fact that over 7,000 seamen availed themselves of its privileges last year. Some of them walked from Chalmette and Southport to be present at concerts and meetings.

"The Bethel depends on voluntary contributions for support. Its largest contributors are the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of New York, the ship owners and agents and the merchants of the city generally.

"The monthly report for August shows the smallest attendance at the Bethel during the year. Only 177 sailors have taken advantage of the reading room privileges.

Forty-six letters were written at the Bethel by seamen. Thirty-eight visits were made to ships. Five hundred and sixty-eight invitations and tracts were distributed. Four services at the Bethel and seven at the hospital were held, with an attendance of 74 sailors and 83 citizens. Nine visits were made to the sick in the hospitals and 628 magazines and papers distributed."—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

Oregon.

PORTLAND.

Mr. W. S. FLETCHER writes on August 24:

Since I sent you my report there has been quite a storm between the masters of some of the ships and the boarding house men on account of the blood-money they have to pay for their crews. I send you a few clippings from the morning *Oregonian* for the last few days in order that you might get the lay of the land better. I will give you a few items. The crews are shipped for three years for the round voyage, and when their ship arrives here there is from £15 to £30 due them, which the seamen forfeit when they run away from their ships; so, when the blood money is only \$40 or \$50 a man, there is no kick by the owners, for the crew leave enough behind them to meet it; but when it runs up to \$100 or \$120 per man, then they begin to kick against it. The next is that there are so many of the captains that want their crews to leave their ships that they find no fault with the boarding house men for taking their crews, for the simple reason that some portion of the money of the new crews goes into the pockets of the captains. Once in a while some good captain comes along and won't put up with this nefarious business, and then there is a storm on hand. I fear very little good will result to poor Jack from it. We have just as good laws in Oregon for the protection of seamen as can be found in any port, but for the reason I tell you they are not enforced. I am looking forward to the blessing of God upon our work here as there is a large fleet of ships coming in.

Washington.

SEATTLE.

The following paper was adopted by the State Association of Congregational

Churches, September 20, 1900, at Seattle, Wash.:

Whereas, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York, founded in 1828, having faithfully occupied the field assigned to it by the consensus of American Christians for seventy-two years, comes to us for recognition and sympathy by its world wide Bethel work, and by the address of the Rev. R. S. STUBBS, one of its duly accredited chaplains and formerly its general agent, by whom its auxiliary societies have been organized at Portland and Astoria, Oregon, and at Tacoma, Seattle and Port Townsend; and

Whereas, Bethel methods seem to be essential to the effective execution of the churches' purpose to benefit the mariners' of the world, and especially the crews of the rapidly increasing naval and merchant marine of the United States; and

Whereas, the peculiar environments of the seamen's vocation and the brevity of their sojourn within reach of church workers created the demand for and justify the vigorous prosecution of distinctively Bethel labors; therefore

Be it resolved, that we, the State Association of Congregational Churches of Washington, hereby assure the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of our confidence and sympathy, and we will endeavor to acquaint our people with its work and its claims.

Resolved, 2nd, that we have heard with deep regret of the forced retirement (by failing health) of our esteemed brother, chaplain THOMAS REES, for many years the efficient and successful chaplain at this port; and we sincerely hope an efficient worker may be found to supply this vacant post at an early date as the joint appointee of the Seattle and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND Societies.

Resolved 3rd, that we will give a place to the subject of Bethel labors among seamen on the programme of exercises of this association at its annual meetings, and will endeavor to bring this work to the favorable notice and sympathy of our churches.

The Planets for November, 1900.

There will be an annular eclipse of the Sun November 22, invisible in the United States. The eclipse will be visible as an annular or a partial eclipse in the southern

part of Africa, in the Indian Ocean south of the equator, and in Australia.

MERCURY will not be well visible.

VENUS will be a brilliant object in the morning.

MARS will be visible the latter half of the night, but will not be conspicuous.

JUPITER will not be visible.

SATURN will be visible low in the southwest after sunset.

Princeton.

T. R.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by Capt. H. O. Appleby, Lessee, for the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

Total arrivals..... 31

Receipts for September, 1900.

MAINE.

Bath, received in payment of legacy of the late Rodney Hyde, per Edwin P. Hyde, executor..... \$1,962 50
Hallowell, bequest of Eliza Lowell, late of Hallowell, per H. K. Baker and Geo. A. Safford, executors.. 937 50

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, Congregational Church 17 82
Mansfield Center, Congregational Sunday School..... 1 15
New Haven Mrs. Kate M. Sizer, for a library .. 20 00
Old Saybrook, Congregational Ch .. 10 07
Rockville, Union Congregational Ch. 3 63
Stratford, Congregational Church.. 15 07
Terryville Congregational Church.. 23 71
Westbrook, Susan Stevens..... 2 00

NEW YORK.

Dobbs Ferry, T. M. Niven..... 1 00
New York City, collections on steamers of the International Navigation Co.'s lines, received per H. G. Philips, cashier..... 129 24
Bruce & Cook..... 50 00
Concert collection on 30th August, on board the steamship Minneapolis of the Atlantic Transport line, for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY..... 48 45
Helen L. Lee..... 10 00

NEW JERSEY.

Englewood, Francis M. Lyman, for a library..... 20 00

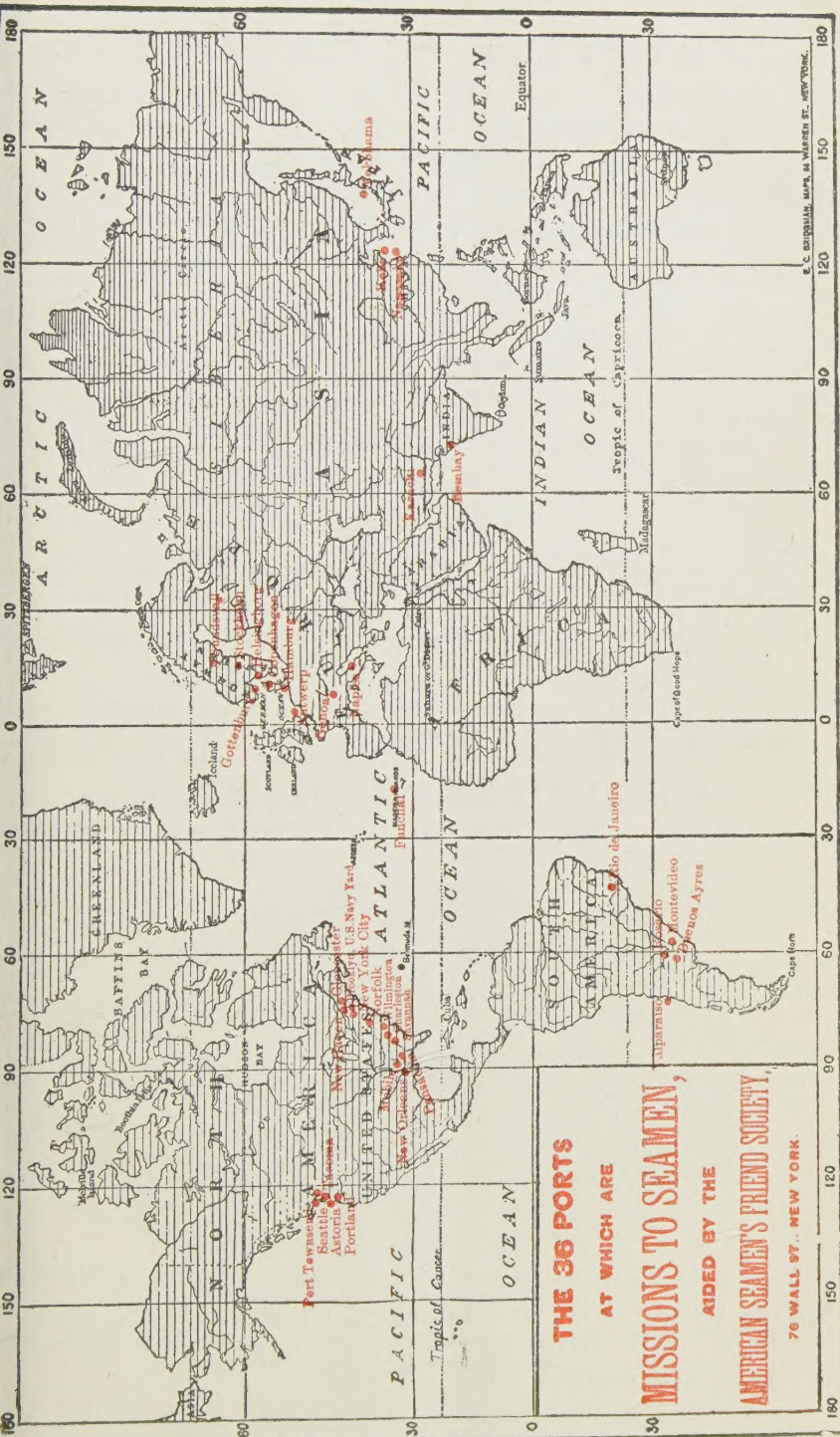
PENNSYLVANIA.

Chambersburgh, Mrs. A. S. Kennedy, for a library.. 20 00

FINLAND.

Uleaborg, G. J. Dahlberg..... 20 00

\$3,292 14



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FLEET.

| | | Tonnage | | | Tonnage |
|-------------|------------|---------|-------------|------------|---------|
| ST. LOUIS | Twin Screw | 11,629 | ARAGONIA | Twin Screw | 5,065 |
| ST. PAUL | " " | 11,629 | NOORDLAND | " " | 5,065 |
| NEW YORK | " " | 10,803 | WAESLAND | " " | 4,736 |
| PARIS | " " | 10,795 | PENNLAND | " " | 3,716 |
| KENSINGTON | " " | 8,669 | BELGENLAND | " " | 3,716 |
| SOUTHWARK | " " | 8,607 | RHYNLAND | " " | 3,716 |
| FRIESLAND | " " | 7,116 | NEDERLAND | " " | 3,716 |
| WESTERNLAND | " " | 5,736 | SWITZERLAND | " " | 3,716 |

BUILDING.

| | | Tonnage | | | Tonnage |
|-----------|------------|---------|-------------|------------|---------|
| VADERLAND | Twin Screw | 12,000 | MERION | Twin Screw | 10,000 |
| ZEELAND | " " | 12,000 | (A STEAMER) | " " | 12,000 |
| HAVERFORD | " " | 10,000 | (A STEAMER) | " " | 12,000 |

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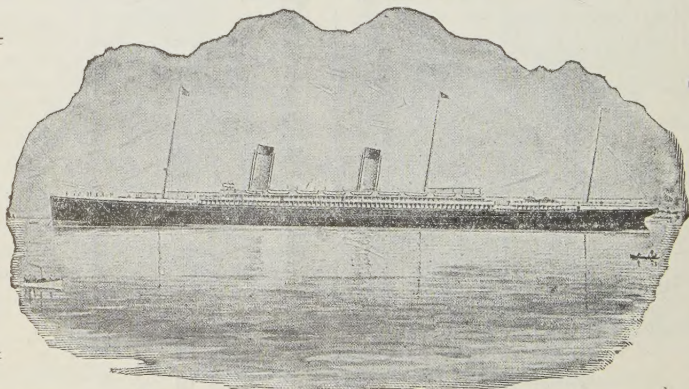
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LIST OF MISSIONARIES AIDED BY THE SOCIETY.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| eden: Helsingborg..... | K. I. Berg. |
| Stockholm..... | J. T. Heustrom. |
| Sundsvall..... | Rev. E. Eriksson. |
| Gottenburg..... | Christian Nielsen. |
| mmark: Copenhagen..... | Rev. A. Wollesen. |
| rmany: Hamburg..... | British and American Sailors' Institute, H. M. Sharpe. |
| gium: Antwerp..... | Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. Adams. |
| ly: Genoa..... | Genoa Harbor Mission, Rev. Donald Miller. |
| Naples..... | Naples Harbor Mission, Rev. T. Johnstone Irving. |
| ia: Bombay..... | Seamen's Rest, Rev. F. Wood, Superintendent. |
| Karachi..... | Rev. W. H. Dowling. |
| pan: Yokohama..... | Rev. W. T. Austen. |
| Kobe..... | Rev. Edward Makeham. |
| Nagasaki..... | John Makins. |
| ile: Valparaiso..... | Rev. Frank Thompson. |
| gentine Republic: Buenos Ayres.... | Buenos Ayres Sailors' Home, G. L. Chamberlain. |
| Rosario..... | Rosario Sailors' Home and Mission, R. Stewart. |
| uguay: Montevideo..... | Montevideo Harbor Mission, Rev. G. P. Howard. |
| adeira: Funchal..... | Mission to Sailors and Sailors' Rest, Rev. W. G. Smart. |
| assachusetts: Gloucester..... | Gloucester Fishermen's Institute, Rev. E. C. Charlton. |
| nnecticut: New Haven..... | Woman's Sea, Friend Soc'y of Connecticut, Rev. J. O. Bergh. |
| w York: Sailors' Home..... | Capt. Wm. Dollar. |
| Brooklyn U. S. Navy Yard..... | Rev. G. B. Cutler. |
| rginia: Norfolk..... | Norfolk Port Society, Rev. J. B. Merritt. |
| rth Carolina: Wilmington..... | Wilmington Port Society, Rev. M. A. Barber. |
| uth Carolina: Charleston..... | Charleston Port Society, Rev. P. A. Murray. |
| orida: Pensacola..... | Pensacola Port Society, Henry C. Cushman. |
| orgia: Savannah..... | Savannah Port Society, H. Iverson. |
| abama: Mobile..... | Mobile Port Society, Rev. R. A. Mickle. |
| exas: Galveston..... | Galveston Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. J. F. Sarnier. |
| uisiana: New Orleans..... | New Orleans Port Society, James Sherrard. |
| egion: Portland..... | W. S. Fletcher. |
| Astoria..... | Rev. J. McCormac. |
| ashington: Tacoma..... | Tacoma Seamen's Friend Society, Rev. R. S. Stubbs. |
| Seattle..... | Seattle Seamen's Friend Society. |
| Port Townsend..... | Port Townsend Seamen's Friend Society, C. L. Terry. |

DIRECTORY OF SAILORS' HOMES AND READING ROOMS.

| <i>Location.</i> | <i>Established by</i> | <i>Keepers.</i> |
|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| portsmouth, N. H., No. 104 Market St.. | Seamen's Aid Society..... | Rev. J. O. Cornish. |
| oston, Mass., N. Sq. Mariners' House.. | Boston Seamen's Aid Society .. | Capt. J. P. Hatch. |
| Phineas Stowe Seamen's Home..... | Ladies' Bethel Soc'y, 8 N. Bennett St. | George C. Smith. |
| East Boston, 120 Marginal St..... | Episcopal City Mission..... | James M. Battles, Supt. |
| ew Bedford, Mass., 14 Bethel Court..... | Ladies' Branch N. B. P. S..... | E. Williams. |
| vidence, R. I., 385 South Main St..... | American Seamen's Friend Society. | Capt. H. C. Cousins, Supt. |
| ew York, N. Y., 190 Cherry St..... | Epis. Missionary Society for Seamen. | Capt. H. O. Appleby. |
| 52 Market St..... | Scandinavian Sailors' Home..... | Daniel Montgomery. |
| rooklyn, N. Y., 172 Carroll St..... | Finnish Lutheran Seamen's Home.. | Capt. C. Ullenars, Supt. |
| 112 First Place..... | Penn. " " " " " " | Capt. R. S. Lippincott. |
| hiladelphia, Pa., 422 South Front St.... | Port Mission, Woman's Auxiliary.. | |
| altimore, Md., 418 South Ann St..... | Wilmington Port Society..... | Mr. Christofferson. |
| 1737 Thames St..... | Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society... | Rev. P. A. Murray. |
| ilmington, N. C., Front and Dock Sts.. | Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society... | |
| harleston, S. C., 44 Market St..... | New Orleans Seamen's Friend Soc'y. | |
| obile, Ala..... | San Francisco Sea. Friend Society... | Capt. Melvin Staples. |
| ew Orleans, La..... | Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society... | Rev. J. O. Bergh, Supt. |
| an Francisco, Cal..... | | |
| ew Haven, Conn..... | | |

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

| <i>Location.</i> | <i>Aided by</i> | <i>Missionaries.</i> |
|-------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Portland, Me., Fort St., n. Custom House. | Portland Seamen's Friend Society.. | Rev. G. Southworth. |
| oston, Mass., 332 Hanover St..... | Baptist Bethel Society..... | " Jas. Rea, Ph. D. |
| Bethel, 287 Hanover St..... | Boston Seamen's Friend Society... | " S. S. Nickerson. |
| Charlestown, 46 Water St..... | Episcopal City Mission..... | Mr. S. H. King. |
| East Boston Bethel..... | Methodist..... | Rev. L. B. Bates. |
| " 120 Marginal St..... | Episcopal City Mission..... | " W. T. Crocker. |
| oucester, Mass., 6 Duncan St..... | Gloucester Fishermen's Institute.. | " E. C. Charlton. |
| ew Bedford, Mass..... | New Bedford Port Society..... | " E. Williams. |
| ew Haven Conn., Bethel, 61 Water St | Woman's Seamen's Friend Society. | " John O. Bergh. |
| ew York, N. Y., Catharine, e. Madison. | New York Port Society..... | " Samuel Boulf. |
| 128 Charlton St..... | " Westside Branch. | Mr. John McCormack. |
| 34 Pike Street, E. R..... | Episcopal Missionary Society..... | Rev. A. R. Mansfield. |
| 399 West Street, N. R..... | The Seamen's Christian Ass'n..... | " Stafford Wright. |
| 341 West Street, N. R..... | Episcopal Missionary Society..... | " W. A. A. Gardner. |
| 21 Coenties Slip..... | " " " " " " | " Isaac Maguire. |
| 53 Beaver Street..... | Finnish Lutheran Seamen's Church. | " V. K. Dorchman. |
| rooklyn, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard..... | American Seamen's Friend Society. | " G. B. Cutler. |
| 193 9th Street, near Third Avenue. | Danish Ev. Luth. Seamen's Mission.. | " R. Andersen. |
| Scand., William St., near Richard.. | Norwegian Luth. Seamen's Mission. | " Jakob Bo. |
| hiladelphia, Pa., Front St., above Pine. | The Mariners' Church, Presbyterian | " Henry F. Lee. |
| N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts.... | Episcopal Miss. Ass'n for Seamen.. | " Geo. S. Gassner. |
| Front Street, above Navy Yard..... | Baptist..... | " " " " " " |
| Washington Ave. and 3rd Street.... | Methodist..... | " W. Downey. |
| Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St. | " " " " " " | " E. N. Harris. |
| altimore, Md., Aliceanna & Bethel Sts. | Seamen's Union Bethel Society.... | " G. W. Heyde. |
| 815 South Broadway..... | Port Mission..... | Mr. K. S. Willis. |
| orfolk, Va., Sea. Bethel, 327 Main St.. | Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society... | Rev. J. B. Merritt. |
| ilmington, N. C..... | Wilmington Port Society..... | " M. A. Barber. |
| harleston, S. C., 44 & 46 Market St.... | Charleston Port Society..... | " P. A. Murray. |
| avannah, Ga..... | American Seamen's Friend Society. | " H. Iverson. |
| ensacola, Fla..... | " " " " " " | Mr. Henry C. Cushman. |
| obile, Ala., Church St., near Water.. | " " " " " " | Rev. R. A. Mickle. |
| alveston, Texas, 17th & Mechanic Sts.. | Galveston Seamen's Friend Society. | " J. F. Sarnier. |
| ew Orleans, La., Fulton & Jackson Sts. | Presbyterian..... | Mr. James Sherrard. |
| an Francisco, Cal..... | San Francisco Port Society..... | Rev. J. Rowell. |

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 76 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY 1828.—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE II, (of Constitution).—The object of this Society shall be to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf ; by promoting in every port Boarding Houses of good character, Savings' Banks, Register offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms, and Schools; and also the ministrations of the gospel, and other religious blessings.

CHAPLAINS.—See preceding page for list of missions and missionaries of this Society.

LOAN LIBRARIES.—On American vessels leaving the port of New York loan libraries are placed for the use of the officers and crews. Each library costs \$20 to the donor, contains 43 well selected books, and is returned and sent out again as long as it lasts. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and the effort is made to secure for the donor a report of its usefulness. These libraries build up the mental, moral and religious life of seamen, and are often the means of their conversion. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society up to April 1, 1900, was 10,717. Calculating 12,672 reshipments, their 582,727 volumes have been accessible to 412,115 men. Sunday Schools and Church Societies (Y. P. S. C. E. &c.) as well as individuals send these libraries to sea.

THE SAILORS' HOME, No. 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property of this Society and is leased as a boarding house under careful restrictions. A missionary of the Society resides in the Home and in its comfortable chapel religious and temperance meetings are held every week. Shipwrecked and destitute seamen receive in it temporary aid.

A list of the Society's periodicals will be found on the second page of the cover of this Magazine.